

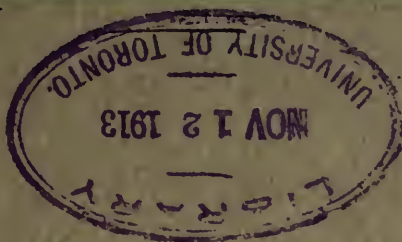
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NUMBER TWO

THE VICTORIANA

November 1963

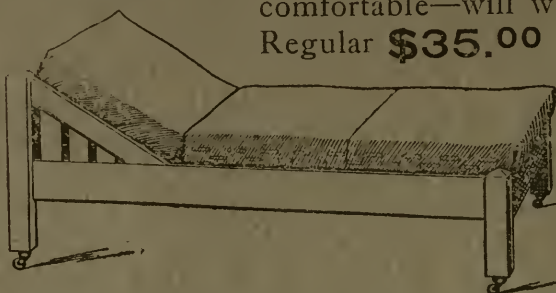
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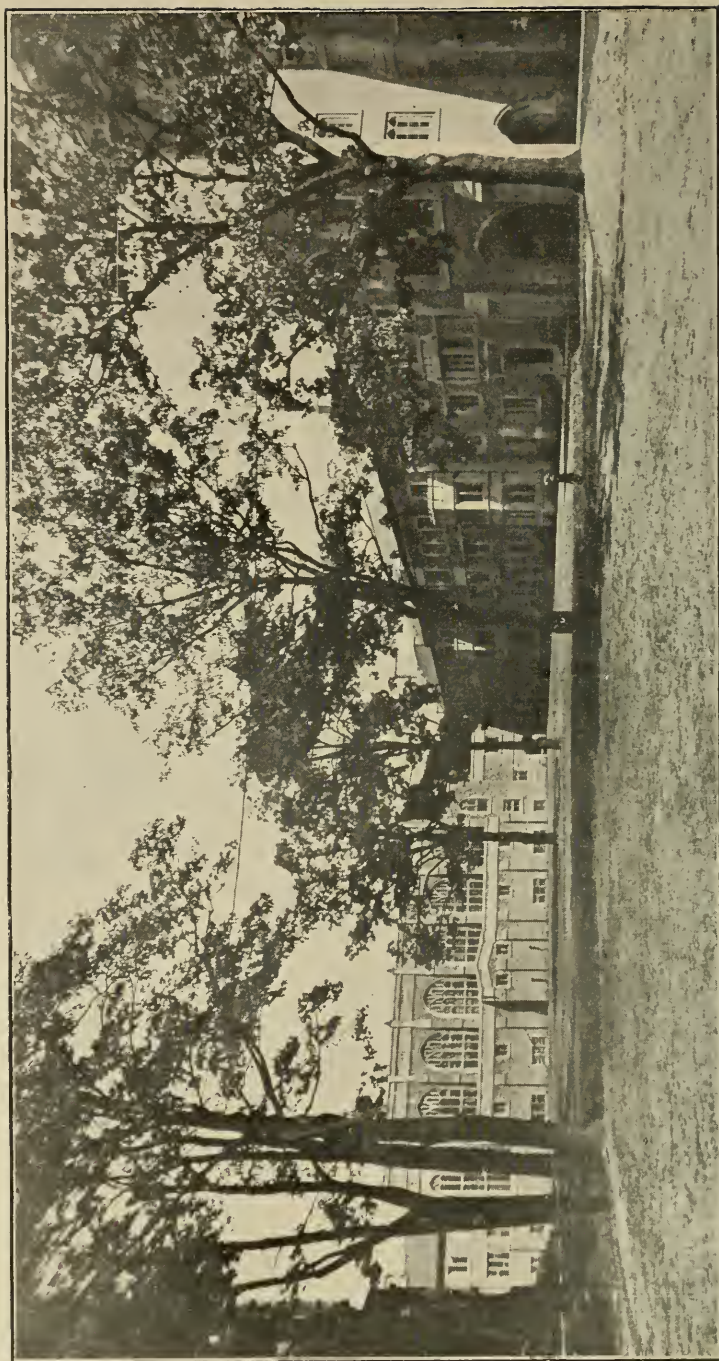
ACTA VICTORIANA



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THE VICTORIA COLLEGE RESIDENCES

Courtesy of Toronto Star Weekly

ACTA VICTORIANA

VOL. XXXVIII. TORONTO, NOVEMBER, 1913

NO. 2

Three Island Songs

By MISS MARJORIE L. C. PICKTHALL.

After the wind in the wood,
Peace, and the night.
After the bond and the brood,
Flight.
After the height and the hush
Where the wild hawk swings,
Heart of the earth-loving thrush
Shaken with wings.

After the bloom and the leaf
Rain on the nest.
After the splendour and grief,
Rest.
After the hills and the far
Glories and gleams,
Cloud, and the dawn of a star,
And dreams.

I sat among the green leaves, and heard the nuts falling,
The broad red butterflies were gold against the sun,
But in between the silence and the sweet birds calling
The nuts fell one by one.

Why should they fall and the year but half over?
Why should sorrow seek me and I so young and kind?
The leaf is on the bough and the dew is on the clover,
But the green nuts are falling in the wind.

O, I gave my lips away and all my soul behind them.
Why should trouble follow and the quick tears start?
The little birds may love and fly with only God to mind them,
But the green nuts are falling on my heart.

O, the gray rocks of the islands and the hemlock green above
 them,
The foam beneath the wild rose bloom, the star above the shoal.
When I am old and weary I'll wake my heart to love them,
For the blue ways of the islands are wound about my soul.

Here in the early even when the young gray dew is falling,
And the king-heron seeks his mate beyond the loneliest wild,
Still your heart in the twilight, and you'll hear the river calling
Through all her outmost islands to seek her lastborn child.

The Meaning of a College

Of late years the casual observer must have noticed a change in the life of Victoria. Its visible sign is of course difficult to avoid. But buildings, after all, are or should be the expression of ideas, and unity of purpose is as essential to a structure of bricks and mortar as to a fabric of words and phrases; and it is of the idea behind the new structures at the College—the Library, the Hall, and the Residence—that one enquires. What does it all mean? Does it mean anything? These are natural questions. One might say at the outset that it means more than an “extension of plant” to provide an increased mechanical efficiency. To be sure, the residential system makes for the efficient college. Centralization in a college as well as in a factory is an economical measure. The maximum of comfort with the minimum of cost can only be achieved when students can be housed and fed in large numbers in one place. Certainly the collegiate system can be vindicated on economic grounds alone. But is this the sole justification for the residential college? If it were so, then spacious barracks and a gigantic branch of Child’s restaurant would satisfy all needs, as indeed they often do in American “dormitories” and dining-halls. We must go deeper than the utilitarian argument for the true basis of the residential system.

The collegiate idea suffers in Canada for having been developed at the English universities. Here its best features are often obscured by some of the evils of an older civilization, and we are accordingly prejudiced against it. If, however, we could find the collegiate system flourishing in the freer air of this continent,—if some traveller had discovered that in the new and enterprising University of Yangkakee, Mo., a novel arrangement had been introduced in which the students were grouped in communities of a dozen or more separate complete establishments, accommodating in all some one hundred and fifty or two hundred men, that these foundations ministered to every side of a man’s nature, that there was a picturesque diversity in the life of each of these groups and a wholesome rivalry between them, that in these peculiar institutions the instructor and his

pupils lived on terms of intimacy, by which the barriers were quite broken down between them; that, although a man regarded his particular group with loyalty and affection, his allegiance to the university as a whole was not impaired, and that the three or four years which a student spent among these surroundings proved a retrospective delight and a stimulus to him throughout his natural life; if this condition of affairs could be discovered in Yangkakee, and the interest of Toronto awakened, then the introduction of such a Utopian system would be regarded with approval rather than with suspicion. But unfortunately Yangkakee still clings to other ideals, and those who believe in the collegiate system must perforce turn to the Old Country for their model.

In seizing upon the model, however, let us avoid its excrescences. It has always been the failing of men to mistake the superficial for the essential; to endow the ritual with the importance of the idea behind it. Thus we see men of this country overlooking the finest features of an older civilization, the dignity and courtesy in everyday affairs, and the sense of obligation and public spirit on the part of the citizens, in an effort to import elaborate liveries and to develop a transatlantic accent. The same is true of academic matters. Too many men leave the ancient universities convinced that wearing gowns and calling professors "dons" are essential innovations in a North American university—not that gowns are not very useful in lending distinction to the academic life, nor that "don" is not a more convenient name for an instructor than the phrase which now describes him. But neither is essential, and if the gown is thought an expensive encumbrance, and if "don" is thought a ridiculous and exotic word, let us away with them both. A contemporary in treating of the new Victoria has spoken of "imported atmosphere." A better phrase could not be invented to describe what we most emphatically never want in a Canadian university, and what very fortunately is sheer fatuity in any university, as some American experiments in the manufacture of tradition have clearly demonstrated. Two pious imitations of Magdalen tower will always stand as a monument to a transitory attempt to divert an American university from developing along its true and natural lines. Occasional efforts to "import atmosphere" have led men to regard the English

university system with a suspicion that is as natural as it is unfortunate.

We can understand then why the suspicious should see in mullioned windows a plot to superimpose the noxious customs of an effete university on the innocent Canadian. These suspicions are not allayed by the acclamations of joy with which the Oxonophile, to coin a dreadful word, hails the introduction of anything remotely resembling his ideal. But we have labored the point sufficiently. Those who know Oxford best are most certain that there is no danger of its being transplanted to Canadian soil.

But the best features of Oxford, of Chicago, of Salamanca, or Upsala, these we should try intelligently to reproduce. Few men are sufficiently parochial in mind to ask that they should be withheld from us. But the final test of the suitability of a foreign plant is its ability to flourish on its new soil unaided. If it requires special hot-house protection then its growth is unnatural and artificial, and its importation has been of little value. But the alien plant may prosper abroad. It may assume a form in a new atmosphere different from and better than that of its old condition. The cherry was once an exotic plant in North America; it has become indigenous. It may be that the collegiate system will become equally acclimatized.

On this continent the greatest enemy of the college in its proper sense is an institution which was originally established to fill its place. The fraternity was instituted as a result of the sound conviction that men are forced to find their social life in small groups, that a huge aggregate of people cannot provide a unity of sufficient definiteness to claim their first allegiance. The fraternity has met a real need in North American university life for a century or more. Without it undergraduate life would have been a colourless thing; but the fraternity only goes part way to provide what the college can give without the inherent weaknesses of the former. Under both systems men live in a community with all the "give and take" and mutual stimulus involved in such a life. But in the one there is the essential evil of a rigid exclusiveness and irrevocable membership, while in the other there are additional merits without these defects. The fraternity provides a life that must be essentially one-sided because it is frankly intended to min-

ister only to one department of student life—the social. Again these social groups are so small and so secluded that it is entirely natural that members of the same chapter should think the same thoughts, or, in a reaction against the intellectual life seen only in the classroom, should unconsciously agree not to think at all. The college, on the other hand, ministers to the complete man; his athletic, his intellectual, his social, his religious interests are all focused here. For the four years of his residence he is living a complete and symmetrical life, and along with his fellows is working towards a common end. It is idle to enumerate the merits of a collegiate life. Viewed abstractly and apart from any local origin, they must appeal to every one. The intimacy between professor and student by which if the former is removed from his pedestal the latter is at the same time made the stronger for it, the friendships which such a life fosters, the comparative seclusion which ought to be the experience of every man for a few short years of his life, are all unique merits of the collegiate system.

This, then, is the goal towards which Victoria is moving to-day. But if she becomes a college in the old true sense of the word she will not cease to be imbued with a truly Canadian spirit; she will be even more truly national than ever, for the innovations from the south and from over seas will have been absorbed into something indigenous—the graftings will have become part of the plant. The college of the future will allow for the inclusion of most of its students in a residential system, for a greater intimacy between them and their professors, for a stronger corporate feeling arising from a completer community life, and for the growth of a real tradition. This is not an unworthy ideal.

C V. M.

A Little Grey Cloud and a Deluge

"The world is so full of a number of things,
I'm sure we should all be as happy as Kings!"

The college girl was humming softly as she read letters in the canoe. Upon a nearby bank was the skeptical man. The little brother of the skeptical man and the little sister of the college girl were splashing in the sunny, shallow water. All were enjoying the world full of beauty, when in came a little, grey cloud.

Looking up from his paper, where he had probably been digesting some little article on the education of those belonging to the female persuasion, the skeptical man remarked:

"College education does not tend to make girls practical. That is just what I think myself."

Scatter went the letters in the canoe. The girl looked up, opened her mouth for fluent and indignant protest, shut it again, and stooped to fasten the loosened tie of her canvas boot.

Having armed himself with a little smile plus a lot of big words back in his brain, the skeptical man awaited the attack. When it did not come he tried not to look surprised.

It took a long time to fix the shoelace. That was because a crowd of thoughts went flying through the girl's head. She had never encountered this species of man before.

"So college makes girls impractical," she mused. "This looks like another penalty placed upon a poor girl who learns anything. Funny it is not supposed to affect the masculine constitution in the same way."

She thought of the crisp, little, brown loaves of bread cooling in a row in the kitchen. Perhaps the impractical part came in when she made them crusty all around instead of big and substantial. Anyway, what cared she?

The skeptical man's smile was getting so tired that he was forced to inquire anxiously, "Well, why do you not say something to that?"

The girl straightened up. The perfume of the evergreens was exhilarating. It made you want to laugh, not argue.

The skeptical man, desperately—"I suppose you quite agree with me?"

"What is the use of disagreeing?" laughed the college girl. Turning, she called "Be careful" to the roly-poly children, and paddled lazily into the boat-house.

* * * *

Little brother had a nice big log for a ship. Little sister had the corks. Little brother's log went very quickly, and it was tippy, too. He felt like a big, brown Indian as he paddled it around with a shingle. Little sister squealed with delight. How brave he felt! Why, the water must be up to his neck here! Little sister dared no farther than half-way.

"Idaho, Iroquois, Pueblo, Sioux,
Apache, Ojibway and Seminole, too!
I'll be one and so may you,
Idaho, Iroquois, Pueblo, Sioux!"

The little Indian sang gleefully. He was getting too far out. Where were the big brother and big sister? Little brother's heart went pit-a-pat. It was so hard to steer with a shingle. Then little sister screamed, for little brother's big log turned right over, and his curly head was gone.

The skeptical man was tearing along the shore, speaking disrespectfully of himself for having taken his eyes for one moment from the precious youngster. An intervening branch made him stagger, almost stunned. A splash, and he was in the water, with powerful wheel strokes swimming toward the rolling log. Little sister ran screaming into the frightened girl's arms.

A little hand shot out of the water and under again. Down went big brother after it. A long, long time, and two heads were above water, but one was so white and limp.

"Run, little sister, run, for blankets and hot things, oh, anything hot whatever," cried the girl as she almost tumbled over the bank to the beach.

The man was raising the little fellow's arms and letting them fall, rubbing his wrists and ankles in a futile attempt at resuscitation. The girl was cool-headed in a flash.

"That does no good. Don't you see? On his face, quickly," she commanded. Kneeling in the sand she unclenched the little

teeth and began slowly pressing down on the boy's ribs. Slowly down, and up suddenly, slowly down and up. She was setting up artificial respiration. Her hands were shaking. But quietly she said: "Put away the whiskey; it will suffocate him. Get Dr. Walker. I cannot remember, oh I am afraid I cannot remember everything to do." The man was gone as she spoke.

"Slowly down, and then up suddenly; slowly down." Would no one ever come? "Slowly down, and then up suddenly." Mechanically she repeated the very words the swimming master had used in his lesson to her and all the others in the gymnasium. She could almost hear him say, "Then have blankets and hot things. Then massage the limbs."

The boy was breathing naturally at last. A beautiful sort of wonder stole over the girl.

Little sister's arms were full of blankets and hot things. She had had such a time to find hot things. The blanket held four hot loaves of bread, baked by the impractical girl. Little sister looked so relieved when the girl said nothing about "the dreadful waste."

The color was coming to the boy's face. Her method was surely right then. The blankets were around him, and the hot things were at feet, waist and shoulders. She was still massaging the warm little arms of a sleepy boy when big brother and the doctor shot into the beach.

To the tired girl the big doctor's presence brought a blissful relief. The wonder deepened in her eyes at his quick words: "Prompt methods have saved the child's life." She looked away over the sunny water to where the still white clouds hung above the blue shore. Her eyes were dazzled at the glorious brightness. But in her heart was a feeling of thankfulness that made the tears come.

Then she could not help smiling. The skeptical man was carrying little brother to the bungalow, shedding funny little loaves of bread all the way.

* * * *

"Silently, one by one, in the infinite meadows of heaven,
Blossomed the lovely stars, the forget-me-nots of the Angels."

It was evening, the little grey cloud had been forgotten because of the deluge which followed.

"How does it feel to be a truly, honor-bright heroine?" teased the skeptical man, to hide what he really felt.

"Miserable, shaky and horrid. I was frightened enough all the time to sink through the ground."

"Well, for level-headedness, and presence of mind you—" began the skeptical man, earnestly, and stopped as the girl laughed and clapped her hands.

"Oh, don't you see? It will make a perfectly good argument that college girls are not necessarily impractical. There!"

Then the skeptical man grinned.

EVELYN M. McLAUGHLIN.

Acorns Falling

The acorn hosts are trembling, ready to be gone.
They know not where they go, nor why, but in the dawn
A wind is coming; outflung in morning air
The brown pale cups shall scatter here and there.

It is a host that dies, inevitably dies;
It is a host that sinks down quiet to repose
Gaining no further than to be a tragic seed
That falls and dies, missing the life indeed.

It is a host that dies, inevitably dies;
It is but one discovers Life and further tries
The zest of Progress, in those mighty fashioning hands
Of Purpose caught and hurled past low demands

Of feeble issue to the very quivering verge
Of that completion toward which the prone host felt urge
While dying in the corner of the crumbled wall
Wrapped in dead leaves, lulled by late rains that fall.

A. L. PHELPS, B.A.

Our Graduates' Welcome to President Bowles

BY THE HONOURABLE WILLIAM RENWICK RIDDELL,

Justice of the Supreme Court of Ontario.

I am highly privileged in being permitted to speak for the graduates of Victoria University in an address of welcome. I cannot but think that there is something eminently fitting in the selection of a non-Methodist for that function; for, long before the corner-stone of the Upper Canada Academy was laid in the old and historic town of Cobourg by Dr. John Gilchrist on that beautiful day in June, 1832, it had been decided once for all that in the seminary of learning there to be built should be reserved no peculiar privileges for any religious body—none reserved even for the children of its founders. The Upper Canada Academy was not a sectarian institution; and the title of "Missionary College" was repudiated with scorn when that term implied a proselyting warfare upon other Churches. Every Methodist minister—even though on probation—was asked to contribute five dollars to its funds; and that when five dollars meant much more than fifty would at the present time. The Methodists built, equipped, manned and supported the Academy; but its doors were open to those of all creeds and to those of none; and no student was ever asked to take part in a religious instruction of which his parent or guardian did not approve.

As the Methodist Church itself was founded in protest against sin alone, so the Methodist Academy was founded in protest against ignorance alone. Its founders reasoned that as total ignorance is a bad and a dangerous thing, so every degree of knowledge lessens both the evil and the danger.

Nor was patriotism forgotten. It is a singular and unfortunate fact that never since the very first year of Upper Canada's separate provincial existence have there been wanting charges of disloyalty against some class of her people; and the troublous times of the third and fourth decades of the last century furnished no exception. In some instances the charge was but too well deserved; but the Upper Canada Academy was founded explicitly in the hope and expectation

that her training would keep her students loyal (more loyal they could not be). It was claimed that "an educated people are always a loyal people to a good government. An ignorant population are equally fit for and are liable to be the slaves of despots and the dupes of demagogues; sometimes, like the unsettled ocean, they can be thrown into uncontrollable agitation by every wind that blows; at other times, like the uncomplaining ass, they tamely submit to the most unconscionable burdens."

Founded in the interests of sound non-sectarian learning and of discriminating patriotism, the Academy pursued its beneficent course from the day of its opening in 1836 until five years later it became Victoria University.

Thenceforward, as a University College, she never lost sight of her high purpose. Roman Catholic, Anglican, Presbyterian—all were as welcome and were as well received in her classrooms as was the Methodist; and this continued even after other religious bodies had instituted colleges of their own, and it continues to this day. In Victoria, none was the son of the bondwoman who should not be heir with the son of the freewoman, but all were brethren: if her first graduate was a Methodist, her second was a Presbyterian.

Of the success of Alma Mater in imparting information, of the thoroughness of her teaching, I do not speak—the success of her sons is the best evidence. The devotion of her graduates, their deep, heartfelt loyalty to their land and their institutions, no one questions, even tacitly. How far she has succeeded in the task originally assumed, the whole country knows; how far she has succeeded in binding her sons to their Alma Mater requires no witness. *Si monumentum requiris, circumspice.*

To the presidency of an institution the oldest of its class in our Province, dear to the heart of her hundreds of graduates, I welcome you in the name of these graduates. I welcome you to the chair once filled by Dr. Egerton Ryerson, the splendid debater, the ardent lover of freedom and justice, one devoted to the cause of education, whose dignity as a gentleman was only excelled by his worth as a man, his humility as a Christian. They were indeed not many in number who in 1842 and the two succeeding years passed out to the work of life under the virile hand of Dr. Ryerson; but his influence is not yet dead, either in Victoria's halls or in the larger world of the Province

and the Dominion. Thousands and tens of thousands may rise up and call him blessed; for without him there would not so soon have been the free school.

I welcome you to the chair of Dr. Samuel S. Nelles, the acute metaphysician, the widely read scholar, the gentle satirist, the kindly and loving father to all his troubled students—"for life is thorny and youth is vain."

*"His saltem accumulem donis, et fungar inani
Munere"*

for

*"Quis desiderio sit pudor aut modus
Tam cari capitis?"*

I welcome you to the chair of Dr. Nathaniel Burwash—to many, a Nestor (*eheu fugaces labuntur anni*), to me, an elder brother—not inferior to either predecessor in learning, in character, in Christian worth, in loving and wide-reaching sympathy—and perhaps excelling both in that sweet reasonableness and regard for the opinions and feelings—aye, even the prejudices—of others, which make for great statesmanship; that serene optimism which so often accomplishes what it hopes for:

*"Spes bona dat vires, animum quoque spes bona firmat
Vivere spe vidi qui moriturus erat."*

That he may long be spared to aid Victoria and Victorians with wise counsel and brotherly communion is the heartfelt prayer of all who know his worth, though they may not have met him face to face or grasped his friendly hand.

To this chair I welcome you in the name of all the children of Alma Mater, from Oliver Springer of 1846 and William Ormiston of 1848, to the last on the class list of 1913. Some, many, have passed away; but if the faith of some of us be not wholly unfounded, what is done here will be neither unknown nor a matter of indifference to those who have passed over.

Howbeit, the splendid beadroll of living graduates, the missionary in distant China and India—for Victoria is a "Missionary College" in a much nobler and higher sense than was

even thought of in the early thirties—the leader in Church and State, the judge on the bench, the practising lawyer and physician, the farmer and the merchant, the native-born and the Japanese, the resident of Canada and he who has made his way to foreign lands to fight the fight of life—and that grand legion whom it is the convention to call “sweet girl graduates with their golden hair,” but of whom I prefer to think and to speak, and who themselves prefer to be regarded, as thoroughly educated, high-principled, serious-minded women, able and willing to do their share in the world’s work—all who in any land, of any race, creed or condition, glory in the name of Victoria, welcome you through my voice to the chair so worthily filled by your distinguished predecessors.

And we expect much of you. The weary campaign for religious and political equality and justice through which passed Dr. Ryerson, the disheartening struggle for adequate moral and pecuniary support which saddened the life of Dr. Nelles (so far as that sunny life could be saddened thereby), the difficulties in respect of Victoria’s true place in *Fédération* and in the development of harmonious co-operation, involving the reconciliation of ancient—and new—jealousies and misunderstandings, are all of the past.

But there are new difficulties, and there will always be new difficulties. Never again in Ontario can there be a claim by any one Church to control higher education or to be alone entitled to recognition by the State; but there may be a claim by some that only they hold the faith which was once delivered unto the saints, and that others whose point of view is a little—or it may be a great deal—different from theirs, have left their first love—there may be the scientist convinced beyond controversy of the soundness of his own theories and conclusions, who may charge, honestly charge, with intellectual dishonesty and tergiversation another who does not concur in his views. It may require as much moral courage as Dr. Ryerson ever displayed throughout his great career to set your face like a flint against proscription of a truth because it is new and against persecution of him who utters it.

And while the day of small things is past with Victoria, and there is no lukewarmness in the feeling of the great Methodist Church towards her, no college worth its salt ever had or ever

will have enough money—you will all your life have to exercise ingenuity in making one dollar do the work of two, one man do the work of half a dozen.

The place of Victoria in Federation is settled; the sons of Victoria, even those of us who long and consistently opposed the scheme, are loyal to the University of Toronto. Without any mental reservation, we claim the University of Toronto as *alma mater*, not as *noverca saeva*. But there will be other difficulties, difficulties of co-operation, co-adaptation, co-ordination, inter-collegiate difficulties, to be overcome; perhaps inter-collegiate, certainly collegiate, jealousies and discords to smooth over and reconcile. The day of the prudent negotiator and careful adjuster will never be over.

We know that the successor of a Ryerson, a Nelles, and especially of a Burwash, has no easy task; yet those of us who know of your past are wholly confident that, measured even with these illustrious men, you will be no failure—that at the end of your service, as of theirs, there will be the commendation “Well done, good and faithful servant.”

In the name and on behalf of the graduates I welcome you as President and Chancellor of Victoria University.



Two Sonnets

I.

PROFUNDITY.

Dedication: To any Philosopher or J. D. R.

I found him juggling at his cottage door
 With Freedom and with Fate; he worked it out:
 This way it's Fate, this, Freedom put to rout.
 He marshalled all the philosophic lore
 He'd pressed from books. This way it's Fate, and that,
 And that—well, 'twas not just as plain as he
 Would have it plain. Could some man only see
 It once, 'twould be as plain as his door mat!

This way it's Fate. . . . The sun and moon and stars
 Are fated . . . earth's order; chaos, no less,
 Would be were't otherwise. With sudden stress
 He rose. "All's Fate!" he cried. The pasture bars
 Were down. "Say, plague that pesky turnip-head,
 Hired help! I'll make him change his ways!" he said.

II.

LINES BY A POLITICAL SCIENCE MAN.

Dedication: To the Com. of 40 or any 18 Carat Theolog.

By what criterion do you judge me base?
 I may be villainous; you state me so.
 By the indictment of your spleen I grow
 Worse rogue each day; you quite make out a case.
 But am I villainous? By what great test
 Do you outrule me, prove me dog unhung?
 You damn me straight. I say: But no, I've clung
 To more morality than you have guessed.

For see; you have a little rule you say:
 Does he do so? he's blest. If otherwise
 He's counted out, no reason, no replies;
 He's out; he's cast his own great soul away.
 By what criterion do you cast your ban?
 You're dumb! I knew. Life 'scapes your petty scan!

BENEFICIO.

The Bobolink

Another "Bob" has passed into history. Amid impressively new surroundings, the spirit of the Bob proved as potent as ever to deal firmly but persuasively with erring and verdant Freshmen; and the splendid audience that filled Burwash Hall to overflowing bore eloquent testimony to the popularity of this time-honored function.

The Bobolink was revealed as a forty-second cousin of *The Bluebird*, and managed as well to establish a family connection with Blue Beard. The influence of last year's innovation was seen in the semi-dramatic sequence of the acts and scenes. This type of programme has proven itself quite acceptable. It offers a rare opportunity for the production of clever and interesting plots and characterizations, and the tendency toward heterogeneous burlesque of the slap-stick variety is largely eliminated.

The plot this year was not at all involved, and gave occasion for plenty of hilarity. Its great weakness was perhaps the absence of climax. The last few scenes were noticeably diluted, and rather tediously prolonged. The monologue, an excellent feature in itself, might have been more appropriately introduced as an *entr'acte*. There were very many excellent speeches; and although the conditions made rather abnormal demands upon the vocal powers of the actors, there was little difficulty in following their words, as long as they faced the audience. The dramatic ability displayed was greatly appreciated, and contributed much to balancing the weakness of the plot.

A welcome improvement was made in the plan of the Faculty Scene. As ACTA remarked last year, the staff is becoming so large that an accurate make-up and mimicry for every Professor is more and more difficult of achievement. Yet the Faculty Scene is really meaningless without correctness in both these particulars. A good "take-off" is irresistibly appealing, and the generous applause marked the appreciation of the audience for the good features of the scene this year. Perhaps it is paradoxical to remark that impromptu effects are sometimes the better for rehearsal.

There has been no more delightful bit of characterization seen at a "Bob" for years than that of "William." The only explanation for the scanty applause that greeted it is, that the Freshmen don't yet know "William" very well, and that the Sophomores have not quite recovered from their awe of him. The realistic appearance and manner of "William's" understudy supplied a particularly refreshing touch.

Unfortunately, the audience could scarcely distinguish the words of the Bob Song as rendered by the "Lord High Executioner." If this song is to be retained, it should be given as broad an appeal as possible, lest the individual treatment accorded to a large body of Freshmen in this satirical effusion become tiresomely long.

Bedlam broke loose when "Bobbers" and "Bobbed" clashed in vocal combat. The words were witty and the tunes catchy—when drum and flute and trombone and voices managed to agree in sweet concord of sound. The combination of doggerel and ordinary ragtime is not good enough for the "Bob," and the pleasing variety of good verse and tuneful melody, even old fashioned melody, heard on this occasion, should mark the pace for future years. It might be well if Freshmen and Sophomores could arrange to omit rivalry in the singing of the College song.

The "Bob" is more than holding its own. The difficulties formerly experienced in connection with platform and curtain have been largely removed, and future committees will have the benefit of this year's experiment. If the performance can be restricted to reasonable length, and arranged to embody even more of the versatile wit and dramatic talent that is abundant in Victoria, it will deserve to advance still further in popularity and in favor. Long live the "Bob"!

W. F. B., '14.

Trees

A forest of pine, fir or spruce always impresses me with its quiet and security. But it was not always thus in its history; the conifers are like those hard-set, gloomy and determined northern races whose life is one long, continuous strain of incessant endeavour to keep alive under the most difficult conditions.

From its very earliest infancy a young pine has a very hard time. The pine cones remain on the tree for two years. The seeds inside are slowly maturing all this while, and the cone scales are so welded or soldered together by resin and turpentine that no animal could possibly injure them. How thorough is the protection thus afforded to the young seeds can only be understood if one takes a one-year-old unopened cone of the Scotch fir and tries to get them out. It does not matter what is used; it may be a saw, a chisel, a hammer, or an axe; the little elastic, woody, turpenty thing can be split open only with an infinite amount of trouble and a serious loss of calm.

When these two years have elapsed, the stalk of the cone grows so that the scales are separated, and the seeds become rapidly dry and are carried away by the wind. These seeds are most beautiful, and are exquisitely fashioned. The seed itself is small and flattened. It contains both resin and food material, and is enclosed in a tough, leathery skin, which is carried out beyond the seed into a long, very thin, papery wing, which has very nearly the exact shape of the screw or propeller of a steamer. This wing or screw is intended to give the seed as long a flight in the air as possible before it reaches the ground. If you watch them falling from a tree, or throw one up into the air and observe it attentively, you will see that it twirls or revolves around like the screw of a steamship. However, the machinery in the steamer turns the screw, and the pressure of the water, which is thrown off, forces the boat through the water; in the case of the pine seed, the pressure of the air on the flying wings makes the seed twirl round and round, and so the seed must be a much longer time in falling. They often fly to about 80 or 100 yards away from the parent tree.

Once upon the ground the seed has to germinate *if it can*; its root has to pierce the soil or find a way in between crevices of rocks or sharp-edged stones. All the time it is exposed to danger from birds, beasts and insects, which are only kept off by its resin. But it is difficult to see, for its color is just that of dead pine needles and its shape is such that it easily slips into crevices. Then the seven or eight small seed leaves break out of the tough seed coat, and the seedling is now a small tree two inches high. It may have to grow up through grass or bramble, or through bracken, which last is much more dangerous and difficult. It will probably be placed in a wood or plantation where hundreds of thousands of its cousins are all competing together. "In this case, the struggle for life is intense: each tree seeking for sunlight tries to push its leader-shoots up above the general mass of foliage; but all are growing in height, whilst the lateral branches which are cramped by the neighbouring trees are continually thrown off. The highest branches alone get sufficient light to remain alive, but they cannot spread out freely. They are strictly limited to a definite area; the crown is small and crowded by those of the trees next to it, and the trunk is of extraordinary length." (Albert Fron.)

All sorts of animals, insects and fungi are ready to attack our young tree. Squirrels in play will nibble off its leading shoots. Cattle will rub against its bark, and a roe deer, a very beautiful creature and yet a destructive little fiend from the tree's point of view, nibbles the young shoots and tears the bark.

A tree's life is full of peril and danger. Yet it is most wonderfully adapted to survive them. Take a knife and cut into the bark of a pine tree, and immediately a drop of resin collects on the wound. After a short time this will harden and entirely cover the scar. This hardened resin is the resin of commerce, and a similar product is rubber from the rubber plants.

Storms are also very dangerous to tree life. One can only realize the beauty of a tree by watching a pine or ash in a gale of wind. The swing of the branches, the swaying of the trunk, the balancing support of the roots which, buttress-like, extend out into the soil, give some idea of the extraordinary balance,

toughness and strength in trees. Except in the case of the common umbrella, which is an inefficient instrument in high wind, engineers have never attempted the solution of the problem satisfactorily solved by trees. A factory chimney only 51 feet in height will have a diameter at the base of at least three feet. This means that the height is about seventeen times the diameter. But the rye plant, with a diameter at the base of three millimeters, may be 1,500 mm. high. That is, the height is five hundred times the diameter, and the rye plant has leaves and grain to support besides its own stem. In pine forests on exposed mountain sides there is almost always at least a murmuring sound, which in storms rises into weird howls and shrieks. With Greek insight and imagination, the ancients supposed that spirits were imprisoned in these suffering, straining pines.

One of the most interesting points in botany depends on the fact that evil conditions of any sort tend to bring about their own remedy. Endymion's spear was of "toughest ash grown on a windy site" (Keats). The prosaic chemical analyses of German botanists have in fact confirmed the theory there suggested, for it is found that the wood of trees grown in exposed windy places is really denser and tougher than that of others from sheltered woods.

If one realizes all these dangers from insects, animals and storms, the height to which some trees grow and the age to which they live become matters of astonishment and surprise.

The tallest trees in the world are probably certain eucalyptus of Australia, which have obtained a height of 495 feet above ground. They are by no means the longest plants, for there are certain rattans or canes, climbing plants belonging to the palm family, which may be 900 feet long, although their diameter is not more than two inches. There are also sea weeds which reach the length of 600 feet. That is not so remarkable, because in these cases the weight of the stalk is supported by other plants or by water.

The next in order to the eucalyptus are those well-known mammoth or big trees of California. They grow only in certain valleys in the Sierra Nevada, at an altitude of 5,000 to 8,000 feet. Their height is usually given as from 250 to 400 feet.

and the diameter sometimes exceeds thirty-five feet. Since they have become a centre of the tourist industry in the United States various methods have been adopted to make their size more easily realized. Thus a coach with four horses and covered with passengers used to be driven through a gateway made in one of them. The trunk of another has been cut off some feet from the ground and a dancing saloon has been made on the stump. The age of one of these trees has been estimated at 3,300 years. That is to say, it was a seedling in 1400 B.C., and has been growing peacefully in a California valley ever since.

The possible age of many of our common trees is much greater than anyone would suppose. Numerous oaks and chestnuts are known to be from 700 to 1,000 years old. And yet all these trees are mere infants compared to Adanson's baobab and the dragon tree of Orotava. The celebrated traveller alluded to visited the Cape Verde Islands in 1749 and found inscriptions made by English travellers on the trunk 300 years before his time. From the growth since then, he calculated that some of these trees were about 6,000 years of age, and they were twenty-seven feet in diameter.

The record is held by the dragon tree of Orotava, in the Canary Islands. When the Spaniards landed in Teneriffe in 1402 its diameter was very nearly forty-two feet. The age has been estimated at from 8,000 to 10,000 years by different authorities. There is a hazy tradition to the effect that the story of the dragon which guarded the golden fruit in the island of the Hesperides was nothing but a garbled account of this redoubtable veteran of the plant world.

There is no particular advantage in growing to these enormous heights and clinging to life in this way for hundreds and thousands of years. Nature seems to have found this out, and preferred the ordinary pines, oaks, and larches, which are mature in a few hundred years. In a thousand years ten generations of larch or pine can be produced, and, as each is probably better than its predecessor, a distinct improvement in the type is possible. All these long-lived giants belong, in fact, to the less highly specialized orders of plants. They are like the primeval animals, the Mammoths, *Atlantosauri*, and *Sabre-*

toothed Tigers. Yet when we come to think of the many diverse perils to which trees are exposed, the existence of even these exceptional monsters seems very wonderful.

The influence of forests and timber on the daily life of mankind is a most romantic and interesting chapter in history.

Every savage tribe, every race of man, however degraded or backward, is acquainted with fire. Fuel is therefore a necessity of existence for all savages, and not merely for cooking but for protection at night from wild animals as well. The first fires were started in a very laborious way. One piece of wood was placed on the ground and held in position between the toes, and a pointed stick was taken between the palms of the hands and twirled vigorously round and round until the heat was enough to ignite a piece of rotten wood placed as tinder. Therefore smouldering branches were kept always burning, as they are to-day amongst the Fuegians and some other savages. It was a sacred duty to watch this fire, and the woman who was entrusted with this task was very probably put to death if she failed. From this very ancient savage custom very probably arose the cult of the Vestal Virgins in Ancient Rome.

Another very important factor in savage life was the canoe or piroque necessary for fishing or to cross lakes and rivers. The first canoes were the "dugouts," the idea of some paleolithic genius. "Birch bark" canoes are not so common as "dugouts," and were made by our own North American Indians.

When man began to long for a permanent home, it was absolutely necessary to find a way of living in safety. Wolves, bears, hyenas and other animals were abundant; neighbors of his own or other tribes were more ferocious and more dangerous than wild beasts. Some neolithic genius imagined an artificial island made of logs in the midst of a lake or inaccessible swamp. Such were the lake dwellings which persisted into historic times, and which are indeed still in existence in some parts of the earth.

The trees were abundant; they could be felled by the help of fire and an axe, and the lake dwellings gave a secure defence. The wood of some of the great villages of Switzerland seems to be still sound, though it has been under water for many cen-

turies. Some villages are said to have required hundreds of thousands of trees.

Thus terrible inroads have been made into the woods, and this has continued down to the present day, timber providing a very profitable source of business, until the problem of the preservation of our forests has become one to be settled by the Governments.

J. W. M. G.

Friendship

To E. P. M.

I crave thy friendship. More it were to me
Than all the pleasures of these passing years,
Whose aftermath is bitterness and tears.
I long to know thy kindly heart; to see
In all my walk thy tender sympathy
With my strange soul's mysterious hopes and fears;
To feel the tie that hallows and endears
Grow ever stronger, binding me to thee.
And I will give thee what is mine to give—
My heart's true loyalty, my soul's fond prayers;
Till every cherished thought of thee shall lend
To every day the hope that I may live,
In all the griefs, the joys that friendship shares,
To know, to prove, to keep, to love thee—friend!

B., '14.

Book Review

Victoria College is honoured by her association with Miss Marjorie L. C. Pickthall, whose book of poems, "The Drift of Pinions," recently published (Montreal: The *University Magazine*) has been very favourably received. The poems therein contained comprise, among others, selections which had previously appeared in various leading periodicals of the continent. Assembled in book form they constitute, in the opinion of competent critics, a valuable contribution to Canadian poetry.

No extended résumé will here be attempted of a book which has already been dealt with in a most appreciative way by a number of reviewers. The pleasure derived from an afternoon and evening spent in reading and re-reading these poems from Miss Pickthall's pen prompts this attempt briefly to express the impression which they have made. The poems cover a wide range, and show well the versatility of the authoress not only with respect to subject matter and method of treatment, but also as regards metrical skill. A love of beauty, a keen and accurate appreciation of Nature, pervade the selections along with a deep undercurrent of feeling and reverence. To one whose early years have been spent wholly in the country and away from the distractions of urban life, many of the poems come, reawakening a longing for the old joys of the woodlands and meadows with their birds and flowers. Memories of beech and of chestnut groves in early autumn come rushing in as one reads:

"I sat among the green leaves, and heard the nuts falling,
The broad, red butterflies were gold against the sun,
But in between the silence and the sweet birds calling,
The nuts fell one by one."

The especial skill of Miss Pickthall in descriptive work is well shown in the poem "Dream River," which begins as follows:

"Wind-silvered willows hedge the stream,
And all within is hushed and cool,
The water, in an endless dream,
Goes sliding down from pool to pool."

But when the authoress gives her imagination full play upon Nature pictures the result is particularly pleasing. One finds it hard to explain the pleasure and content which accompany the reading of such lines as:

“When the child played in Galilee,
He had no wine-clear maple leaves,
No west winds singing of the sea
Over the frosted sheaves.”

A number of the selections are of an elevated strain, highly imaginative, inspired, some by Scriptural story or verse, others by a personage or incident from classical literature. The following lines, taken from “*Mons Angelorum*,” a poem purporting to describe the last hours of Moses on the slope of Pisgah, are typical of the strong feeling and majesty of diction which characterize these somewhat heavy and ambitious poems:

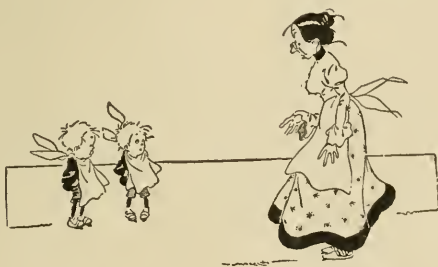
“Bid life recede,
A bubble before the advancing wave of death,
From my youth upward I have spoken of death,
Nor knew the word so sweet. There’s music in it,
Music to break the heart. O, heavenly guards,
Looking so long in your immortal eyes
I am grown old. Death calls me as a sleep,
A rest desired, a rich forgetfulness,
After too much of life.”

But most readers will probably derive more enjoyment from the perusal of those poems which combine simplicity and easy movement. The greater number of the poems are of this nature, and not a few of them are peculiarly effective in their appeal. The first three quotations which have here been given are illustrative of these characteristics of simplicity and ease, but to them may be added a final quotation in contrast with the heavier movement of the passage taken from “*Mons Angelorum*.” It is a verse from the poem “*Evening*”:

“ Grant me sweet sleep, for light is unavailing
When patient eyes grow weary of the day,
Young lambs creep close and tender wings are failing,
And I grow tired as they.
Light as the long wave leaves the lonely shore,
Our boughs have lost the bloom that morning bore,
Give me to day no more.”

In a country such as Canada, just entering the threshold of her literary endeavour, there is perhaps a tendency toward a certain extravagance of feeling, or even sentiment, in poetry where the expression of feeling is attempted. All will agree that Miss Pickthall has escaped this tendency. The feeling is present, but is always expressed with delicacy and reserve.

The students of Victoria will all join in the hearty wish that Miss Pickthall may become entirely recovered in health, and that some day she may again see fit to resume her connection with the college. The placing of our crest upon the title page and the dating of the book from Victoria College show that she still has a warm place in her heart for Victoria. From the publishers ACTA has obtained the kind permission to use freely from the collection of poems, and portions of Miss Pickthall's work will from time to time be inserted in the magazine.—Ed.



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EDITORIAL

A Memorable Charter Day

Two events rendered historic and memorable Victoria's seventy-seventh Charter Day. One was the tendering of a farewell luncheon to Dr. Burwash in the new Burwash Hall, at which was present a very large number of men prominent in professional or business circles in Toronto, as well as many of the leaders of the Methodist Church in Ontario. The other event was the inaugural ceremony at Convocation Hall where, with the majority of his students around him, in a gathering which included most of those present at the luncheon and many others of note, Dr. Bowles was formally installed as President and Chancellor of Victoria University.

It is inevitable and natural that with the passing of the years, the older must be succeeded by the younger and the great tasks and burdens of life must be shifted from the shoulders of men who have borne them faithfully and long to those of others who are in the prime of their endurance and vigour. But there are some features in connection with the succeeding of ex-Chancellor Burwash by Chancellor Bowles which are of especial note. Glance, if you will, over the list of those present at the farewell luncheon. It constitutes a remarkable tribute

to the personality of our ex-Chancellor that so many prominent men from such varied walks in life should assemble to do him honour. And to understand why they came one needed but to listen to Dr. Burwash as he reviewed, in his characteristic way, the history of Victoria. There was no boasting of things achieved or of services rendered by one who well might boast. Rather there was a constant tendency to lay the credit for what he had done at the feet of others. There was no trace of discouragement or despair at the giving over of his great responsibilities to another. His one note was that of cheery confidence and optimism. Only in so great a man could be found such remarkable attitude of mind when resigning the fruit of his labours to a successor.

Singularly impressive was the sight of the undergraduate body of Victoria standing in Convocation Hall in honour of their new President as the address of welcome from the student body was read. President Bowles has entered upon his duties as one already much loved by his students. The address of welcome on behalf of the graduates given by the Honourable Mr. Justice Riddell, a graduate of 1874, is reproduced in this number of ACTA—it having been thought fitting that the welcome of the graduates be published in the College magazine. The addresses of Dr. Chown, of President Falconer and others all were full of confidence in President Bowles and predicted a bright future for Victoria under his presidency. Undoubtedly his tenure of office will be successful if the undergraduates always give him that which was promised in the address of welcome—their co-operation. And we believe they always will.

The Value of the "Bob"

"Thank goodness the 'Bob' is over for another year." So spoke a professor whose classes had well-nigh reached the vanishing point, and from Faculty to Freshmen, all of us, we fancy, especially the overworked "Bob" Committee, would be inclined to say, "Amen." Congratulations are due the "Bob" Committee for having given a "Bob" containing many commendable features. Only those who have served on such a committee can adequately realize the work they have had to do.

May we venture to hazard a word or two about the value of the "Bob" as an institution. Time was when "many men spake ill" of the "Bob," and its very existence was threatened. Well do we remember the struggle in the Literary Society—the deadlocks—the midnight sessions—when the constitution of the "Bob" as it now stands was finally approved. Of course those days are over and the "Bob" has returned to stay. Yet as a matter of fact a good many of our students are just a little afraid of this peculiarly Victorian institution. Hiding their fears behind an enthusiasm for its uniqueness and popularity, they extol its wondrous efficacy in "withering" Freshman verdancy. But they don't mean it—much. They know that a man so "fresh" that only the "bobbing" process can affect him is of very rare occurrence and is impervious to "bobbing" or anything else when he does occur. Then, too, there is the constant danger that the "bobbing" process may include serious violation of good taste.

The justification of the "Bob" must, we believe, rest upon other grounds. It has much value in that it brings practically the whole undergraduate body of Victoria together for an evening during which the college spirit reigns supreme. But its greatest value lies in its engendering of a spirit of unity and interdependence among the members of the first year. Their work together in preparation for the "Bob" originates a sense of solidarity as a Year which the "Bob" itself develops to the full. Thenceforth they are a Class, not a collection of individuals.

If all this be true, the development of the "Bob" should be in directions best calculated to achieve such results. The type rather than the individual should growingly be given the emphasis in caricature. Originality in ideas and conception, which, after all, must be the feature of worth in any "Bob," should increasingly take the place of noisy burlesque. Let the years choose their "Bob" committees with a view to the literary, dramatic, musical or executive qualifications of the members. Only in such ways can the institution of the "Bob" hope to retain permanent popularity and usefulness.

Of course we do not pretend to dogmatize. Having entered College the year there was no "Bob," we felt not its chastening power, and we saw our first "Bob" the other night.

From the "Grad" Just a Little Out of College

Dear Mr. Editor:

When a letter writer sets out to write about various things he has various things in his mind and he scarce knows where to begin. Where shall I begin? There are many things this morning that I seem desirous of talking about. A bit paternal I feel towards old Vic and all its life and ways and days. True paternity, of course, has no hint in it of assumed superiority; only love and tenderness is in it. I hope my feeling is a truly paternal one.

It is funny to be a "grad." I dropped in on you all for a while in the fall. I wanted to buy a few books and admire your new buildings and envy the men in residence and see if the Freshettes possessed their peculiar perennial charm. The Book-Bureau and the genial "Bill" were doing business as heretofore; everybody was enjoying the residences; the Freshettes were indeed comely. But they one and all seemed to wot not much of me. Except W. C.—he was selling me a book!

But there are a few things I wish to talk about somewhat definitely. Apart altogether from the joy of ventilating a few pet doctrines, if only to prove that a "grad" is not necessarily out of it all, I want to talk about them.

First, Toronto. Upon leaving it, one realizes many things about Toronto. One realizes chiefly perhaps that even after four years it has been left behind largely as an unknown city. The College community has been sufficient unto us. The larger social order we have not become intimate with nor understood. Now this is too bad, because our College days for many of us constitute our best opportunity for learning about the life of a city. Urban life, in its ramifications and implications, is an intricate phenomenon for those who pause upon its consideration. Every way it is tremendously interesting for the student. And so many of us, as students, never think about it or study it. A few do. A few follow up the musical offerings and the good plays and visit the picture galleries. A few go in for settlement work; a few indulge in a midnight lunch down town now and then; a few examine some of the manufacturing plants; a few do these things. But the many of us allow the boundaries of our academic course to bind us and taint us with an iniquitous

provincialism during the very period when we should be being delivered from that plague.

Another thing that seems worth talking about is *life*. Do you realize, Mr. Editor, that we rarely talk about life, even down at College, where surely we are supposed to gain it more abundantly and where surely it should be most worth talking about? Now this isn't just the dyspeptic criticism of a "grad" who has been too long a bachelor. Indeed, it is true that we are very busy with the doing of many things during our College years. There are sports and receptions and studies and committees. Of the making of committees at least there is no end. But all this is not life unless there be pause with it for the realization of what it means. To realize the significance of things is a great thing to be able to do. It makes for the appreciation of life. It prepares us to talk about life—to sit before the open fire and talk about the dreams and accomplishments of great men, to feel the thrill of history, to discuss a problem in natural science or mechanics, to drift quietly into conversation about our own personal problems, which are ultimate and great for us. This habit of pausing upon the significance of life, we need to cultivate, because College days that should deepen life often have a tendency to do something very much other than that. We are prone to be hurrying after the gaudy little speed gods too much, and there is no hush and no pause in that worship. To talk now and then about problems of our study, even about our personal life problems, is good for us. Certain personal problems are always with us. Origin and experience and destiny are great words. Talk about them now and then with the man whom you call your friend, with the woman whom you call your friend. After such talk you will often discover that you have taken another step up the stairs of life, that once again the vista is widened and glorious. A word to the men here. Don't be silly with the co-eds. They are human beings, many of them with more brains than you have. Talk seriously and earnestly and frankly with them now and then. They are waiting for you to do it. Only the other day this was said to me: "If the men only knew how we get disgusted with their nothing talk!"

But however much have I written! I blot the page at once.

Yours sincerely,

GRAD.

Personals and Exchanges

Personals

FAREWELL LUNCHEON TO DR. BURWASH.

On the afternoon of October 17th, in Burwash Hall, a farewell luncheon was tendered to Dr. Burwash upon the occasion of his retirement from the Chancellorship. At the conclusion of the luncheon Dr. Burwash made an address in which he reviewed the history of Victoria during the years of his leadership and indicated its present power and the task that lies before it. Following is a list of the guests present at the function:

C. C. James, Esq., M.A., LL.D., C.M.G., Chairman; His Honor the Lt.-Governor, Sir John Gibson; Rev. Dr. Burwash, Rev. President Bowles, Sir Wm. Mulock, President Falconer, C. D. Massey, Esq., Rev. Dr. Carman, Rev. Principal Gordon, Principal Hutton, Mr. Justice Maclaren, N. W. Rowell, Esq., M.P.P., Sir Edmund Walker, J. W. Flavelle, Esq., LL.D., Rev. Provost Macklem, Mr. Justice Britton, Mr. Justice Riddell, Dr. Adams, Dr. Addison, Prof. Alexander, Rev. J. Allen, Mr. J. B. Allen, Mr. A. E. Ames, Mr. J. W. Ansley, Mr. J. E. Atkinson, Prof. Auger, Dr. F. N. Badgley, Rev. Dr. Baker, Mr. Beer, Prof. Bell, Rev. R. H. Bell, Dr. Biggar, Mr. J. Brebner, Rev. Dr. Briggs, Mr. R. Brown, Rev. W. T. G. Brown, Dr. W. T. Brown, Mr. B. E. Bull, Rev. R. N. Burns, Mr. E. M. Burwash, Mr. N. A. Burwash, Prof. Chant, Rev. E. A. Chown, Rev. Dr. Chown, Mr. F. G. Clarke, Dr. C. K. Clarke, Rev. Dr. Cleaver, Mr. F. C. Colbeck, Rev. R. Corrigan, Dr. J. H. Coyne, Hon. Thos. Crawford, Rev. Dr. Crews, Rev. Father Cushing, Mr. E. A. Dale, Rev. Mr. Dean, Mr. F. H. Deacon, Prof. De Beaumont, Prof. De Lury, Mr. G. Denves, Prof. DeWitt, Mr. R. G. Dingman, Mr. J. Donogh, Mr. T. W. Duggan, Prof. Edgar, Dr. Embree, Rev. Dr. Endicott, Prof. Faull, Rev. Dr. Ferguson, Dean Fernow, Mr. T. Findley, Mr.

J. W. L. Forster, Dr. A. Fraser, Rev. Dr. Frick, Mr. H. H. Fudger, Dean Galbraith, Principal Gandier, Rev. Dr. German, Rev. Dr. Graham, Prof. Greaves, Mr. E. Gurney, Rev. Dr. Hare, Hon. W. H. Hearst, Rev. Dr. Hincks, Prof. Hooke, Prof. Horning, Dr. Hough, Rev. Mr. Hudson, Dr. J. L. Hughes, Mr. J. D. Ivey, Prof. Kierstead, Mr. L. A. Kennedy, Mr. C. W. Kerr, Mr. Geo. Kerr, Prof. Keys, Mr. F. M. Knowles, Prof. Kylie, Mr. J. N. Lake, Prof. Lane, Prof. Lang, Rev. Dr. Langford, Prof. Langford, Mr. Lawrence, Dr. G. H. Locke, Prof. Macallum, Dr. J. Bruce MacDonald, Mr. W. F. McLean, Mr. F. J. T. Maines, Rev. C. E. Manning, Mr. H. S. Martindale, Colonel Mason, Mr. T. G. Mason, Mr. T. H. Mason, Mr. C. V. Massey, Rev. Dr. Meacham, Prof. Michael, Mr. C. H. Mitchell, Rev. S. C. Moore, Mr. J. W. Moyer, Dr. W. W. Ogden, Rev. J. H. Oliver, Principal O'Meara, Mr. F. Owen, Dean Pakenham, Mr. W. H. Pearson, Rev. W. A. Potter, Dr. N. A. Powell, Rev. Dr. Rankin, Dr. Reeve, Rev. Dr. Reynar, Rev. Mr. Rigsby, Mr. H. L. Roberts, Prof. Robertson, Mr. E. R. Rolph, Rev. Dr. Ross, Mr. W. E. Rundle, Mr. W. J. Ruston, Dr. Scarth, Mr. W. Seldon, Prof. Sissons, Prof. W. G. Smith, Mr. W. M. Smith, Prof. Snow, Mr. H. Sproatt, Mr. C. W. Stanley, Dr. F. N. G. Starr, Mr. J. R. L. Starr, Mr. H. E. Swann, Mr. F. W. Walker, Prof. Wallace, Mr. Warner, Mr. A. R. Williams, Mr. Hodder Williams, Dr. J. B. Willmott, Rev. Dr. Wilson, Rev. Dr. Workman, Prof. Wrong, Prof. Young.

Exchanges

In recent numbers of the *O.A.C. Review* there has been in progress a discussion which is of all the more interest to us in view of the rumors which have been recently diffused amongst us of action of Faculty or Caput in regard to the initiatory practices now in vogue in the different colleges. An editorial in the June issue of that magazine defends the initiation of the freshman class upon the grounds that such action was likely to convince the incoming class of its essential baseness of degree and effectually prevent those outbursts of freshman self-conceit which it appears are almost inevitable in that college without

the preliminary dampening of freshman spirits. The writer represents that the victories in sports and other activities which the first year were likely to gain would, unless repressed by an immediate assertion of their inferiority, result in intolerable presumption on the part of the class.

The October number of the same magazine contains, in the form of a letter, a protest against and criticism of the attitude assumed by this editorial. The writer does not pretend to attack the whole system of initiation but rather to criticize the arguments which the editorial advances. From a number of years' experience in college life, accounts of which he offers, the writer seeks to prove that exactly the reverse of what the editorial so violently feared is likely to happen; that when the first year is severely reminded of its position, its arrogance is assured, and inter-class feuds, more strenuous repetitions of the original initiation, result, while in years when the freshmen asserted their power and dominance, ultimate and lasting peace and good-fellowship between the two classes is the outcome.

The argument in either case seems somewhat artificial. The editorial in its defence of initiation for the purpose of first-year servitude and humility fails to suggest the manner in which that end is to be assured. The freshmen are as likely as not to be victorious and then the disaster will be but doubled. Moreover, the moral of the second writer's argument seems to be that the freshmen should be donated a victory in order that they may be properly pacified for the future. For us in Victoria the attitude of either is difficult to understand. We are not accustomed to take our initiations so seriously, although, I venture to assert, just as strenuously. But, after all, their recognized purpose is not class predominance, but the achievement of class cohesion and inter-class respect and good-fellowship.

In addition to those noted in our previous issue we beg to acknowledge the receipt of the following exchanges: *Lux Columbiana*, *Stanstead College Magazine*, *Vox Collegii*, *The Student* (Univ. of Edinburgh), *Notre Dame Scholastic*, *The Oxford Magazine*.



Track

Our annual field day was held on the afternoon of October 17th. Although the weather was dark and forbidding our athletes were nothing daunted and turned out in good numbers despite the weather. Competition in some events was not very keen, but some of the individual performances were very creditable. The third year men secured more points than the representatives of any of the other years; the Freshmen carried off second honors, while the second year was third. Horning of the third year won the championship with a total of 23 points; McKenzie won second with 13 points, and Arnott was third with 12 points. A Rugby game was scheduled to take place during the afternoon between McMaster and Victoria, but had to be postponed on account of the weather. The results of the athletic events were:—

High jump—1. H. J. Horning; 2, Hughson; 3, Huycke. Height, 5 feet 2 inches.

16-lb. shot put—1. Horning; 2. Oliver; 3, Arnott. Distance, 34 feet 11 inches.

100-yard dash—1. Arnott; 2, McKenzie; 3, Hughson.

Pole vault—1. Horning; 2, Musgrove; 3. Lewis. Height, 8 feet 3 inches.

220-yards dash—1. Arnott; 2, McKenzie; 3, Watson.

Running broad jump—1. McKenzie; 2. Arnott. Distance, 17 feet 6 inches.

Hurdle race—1. Magwood; 2, McKenzie; 3, Horning.

Half mile race—1. Horning; 2. Magwood; 3, McKenzie.

Rugby

The Rugby team has been showing great form. Under the able leadership of Capt. Watson, they have rounded into the class which our team of three years ago showed. On Wednes-

day, October 15th, we played St. Michael's and won, the score being 10—5. The game was very close and both teams played exceptionally well. The half-time score was 1—0 in our favor; but in the third quarter we secured a touch which was converted. The star of the game was Captain Watson. His punting was splendid. Line-up: Flying wing, Brown; halves, Huycke, Watson, Cheney; quarter, Bowles; line, Brett, Blatzz, Horner, Horning, Griffiths, Sanderson, Harris, Beatty, Pearson.

On Tuesday, October 21st, we played Dents, winning handily by the score 7—3. The feature of the game was the following up of Blatzz and his exceptionally good tackling. Crockery replaced Blatzz in the last few minutes of play; otherwise, the line-up was the same as in the St. Michael's game.

On Saturday, October 25th, we again met St. Michael's on our own grounds. Till three-quarter time, the play was very even, score being 8—7 in our favor. However, in the final quarter we ran away with the game to the tune of 22—8. It would be hard to single out any particular member of the team, since every man played his position to perfection. Capt. Watson was, as usual, to the fore with some fine running and extra good punting.

Line-up—Beatty, Cheney, Harris, Murray, Griffiths, Horning, Blatzz, Horner, Brett, Bowles, Huycke, Arnott, Pearson, Lumsden and Capt. Watson.

All men who can possibly turn out to form a second team are requested to do so. There will be games arranged with outside teams. The team will also prove a valuable aid to help the first team get into form and will also give those players who have not made the first team a chance to develop with a view to next year's team.

"Vic." students have always turned out in large numbers to urge on the team. May we urge them to give the team even greater support than ever as they gradually work their way on in the series. Our prospects look good and encouragement will go a long way toward making the championship sure.

Water-Polo

The water-polo schedule in the Inter-faculty Series will be drawn up immediately. This means that the enthusiasts along this line of sport must get right down to playing form. Our prospects for a good team are exceedingly bright, and with an even share of luck we should be strong contenders for the championship.

Tennis

Tennis has probably had as successful a season this year as any in the history of the College. The standard of playing has been very high. The tournament was as well patronized as ever and a large number of players, entered in it, also took part in the open University tournament with honor to themselves and the College. We were represented on the University team which went down to McGill. We won the "doubles" in the open tournament and take this opportunity of congratulating Mr. Geo. Brown and Mr. H. Bennett for having been responsible for winning this event. They are a wonderful pair and have not been beaten this season. We are sorry to be unable to give a report of the tennis tournament, as the finals, contrary to expectation, have not yet been played. We take great pleasure in announcing that Mr. J. S. Reid of '14 has been elected captain of the University team for next year.

At the last meeting of the Athletic Society executive, Mr. Geo. Brown was elected manager for the rink during the coming season; Mr. G. L. Rodd, treasurer, and Mr. R. R. Fleming and Mr. H. A. Sanderson as advisers to the rink management.

The locker accommodation in the gymnasium is limited. Those desiring to secure a locker should do so immediately. Mr. Roy Rodd is in charge.

Girls' Athletics

During the last few years there has been a lack of interest in athletics by the girls as a whole in the College. To overcome such indifference this year, the V. C. A. C. executive thought it well to have an open meeting for all the girls in order

to create an interest in sports. Consequently, on the afternoon of October 7, a large proportion of the girls of the college met in the Annesley Hall gymnasium, when the captains of the hockey and basket-ball teams, also the representatives for tennis and the other sports, urged the girls to take part in their respective games. Mrs. Sissons then told us in a very interesting way about some of her thrilling experiences while mountaineering with the Alpine Club in the Rocky Mountains. The girls afterwards enjoyed a social time together, refreshments being served.

The interest shown in the tennis tournament this year is an indication that the meeting was not in vain. There were more entries than usual in the ladies' events, and the playing markedly excelled that of the last few years. Miss Kirby of the second year won out in the ladies' singles. The ladies' doubles have not been played off yet.

Our tennis team is now playing in the inter-collegiate tournament, and we wish them success.

The basket-ball practices have already commenced and the girls are strongly urged to turn out in order that there may be plenty of good material from which to select the team.

The first paper-chase will take place on Saturday, October 25th. To any who have never participated in these paper-chases we would strongly recommend them as being thoroughly enjoyable. Turn out and cultivate your endurance for the hockey.





When the curtain rises, good friends, on the second scene of the Acta drama of the Follies of 1913-14, a new clown makes his bow before you. The clown of the first scene has washed off the paint and laid aside his bells, and once again has resumed his wonted dignity. For his cloak the satellites of Acta's sanctum anxiously cast lots, and "the lot fell upon Jonah."

We thank you for your presence at our performance, and trust that our poor efforts may help to drive away your wrinkles and enlarge your smiles.

Soft music—a slow curtain—and now, on with the play!

Not until next month will Miss Locals make her initial bow to the fun-loving public. Miss Locals *pro tem* assists with an occasional item.

Dr. Bell (turning to ladies in Latin class)—"Oh, you ladies don't understand Greek, do you?"

Ladies—"No."

Dr. Bell—"Well, it's too bad" (continues to explain the work in Greek).

If you hear a good joke around College do not chuckle over it alone in your own little corner but send it in to us.

Freshmen, in particular, are urged to send in any funny little stories about themselves or their friends.

Prof. L-ne (glancing over class in Social Ethics)—"By the way, there *is* a zoo here, isn't there?"

F-dd-s (reading speech from throne)—"All my attentions hitherto have been taken up by the *exigenesis* of my kingdom."

Will some theological professor kindly explain?

H-tt-n, '15—"Do you know why they gave Albr-ght the title of Minister of the Interior? No? Just watch him in the dining hall to-night."

1st Senior—"Have you heard anything funny lately?"

2nd Senior—"No. Let's go round and talk to Hazel Hubbell for a minute."

Prof. A-g-r (to 3rd year English class)—"How long do you want for this essay?"

A Voice—"Six months."

Prof. A-g-r—"The gentleman is premature. I may perhaps want to give him six months *after* reading his essay."

Who was the culprit seen by Mr. Massey to dispose of five glasses of milk at one sitting, on whose account the jug is no



longer left on the table? A little bird whispered that it was S-and-rson, but we know several Gate House birds who are ready to defend the claims of D-ke P-rson.

The sad news comes to hand that Mr. A. L. Sm-th, B.A., has obtained only provisional registration in the Faculty of Theology. What terrible heterodoxy is he guilty of? Ask the Dean; he evidently knows.

C-ngd-n, '17—"As to my impressions of the better half of the Sophomore class. I may say I have met but one—she ordered me off the tennis courts. They seem to have more nerve than the men."

Quotation from "The Bob"—"And poets such as Shelley, Dr. Edgar and Phelps."

On Saturday morning, Oct. 4th, the Sophomore class held a charming reception for the members of the Freshman year. The affair was very exclusive, only a few guests being present. These were almost altogether residents of Burwash Hall, and were invited by special invitation about 4.30 a.m. on the morning of the reception. The alley-board was tastefully decorated for the occasion and the gowns worn by the members of the Sophomore class were beautiful beyond description. During the reception the hosts appeared to be under great apprehension lest the uninvited members of the Freshman year should appear and break up the affair by violent means, but fortunately no such calamity occurred.

It is generally agreed that this reception has proved the most successful social event of the season.

The dishes at Annesley Hall are usually stamped with the letters "A H" in monogram, the "A" being larger than the "H." In a recent consignment from England the monogram appeared with the "H" much larger than the "A," and provoked this remark from a witty Senior: "That's the English of it. Hannesley 'All."

Otto was met leaving the Hall about 10.15 one Sunday evening. He carried a bundle of mail. On being questioned, he informed us that the Dean usually gave him the mail to post.

L-nc. R-ce, '14 (wakened at 3.30 a.m. by the farmer with whom he worked during the summer)—

"What's the matter? Fire?"

Farmer—"No; come on, we're going to cut the oats."

R-ce (awestricken)—"Are they wild oats? No? Why, then, do you have to sneak up on them in the dark?"

The following was overheard at a social little discussion in the Common Rooms on the topic of the Lord's Prayer:

R-dd, '14—"Rather disjointed and hard to remember; there is no suggestion of the next clause to help one along."

P-gsley, C. T.—"Well—ah—just what *improvement* would you suggest?"

Prof. Michael (at preliminary Greek lecture)—“Can I do anything to help you? Have you any suggestions to make?”

R-berts-n, '17—“Well, professor, couldn't we have some sentences to write, or some exercises to hand in? I believe that is very good practice.”

Pe-erson, '15 (excitedly anticipating the award of a V for rugby)—“Gee, but wouldn't that be great?”

R-ce, '14—“You'd look nice with a V on your chest, wouldn't you?”

M-son, '14 (solemnly)—“Better with a V in his pocket, I should say.”



Miss Fl-nders, '14 (seeing Dr. Snow on the day of the luncheon)—“I wonder how it is Dr. Snow isn't at the luncheon.”

Miss Cl-rke, '14—“Oh, mostly likely he doesn't drink.”

B-ch, C. T. (at breakfast)—“I never knew before what devilled eggs were. It's clear that they are eggs which have gone to the bad.”

The meanest man in the world is said to have squeezed an American eagle so hard that tears ran down the eagle's cheeks. but, believe me, that sad old bird didn't have a thing on any one of the young gentlemen of Victoria who participated in the first rush at the Y reception. How long, O Vic, how long?

FOUND.—In Dr. DeWitt's office, "Peg of My Heart." Owner may have same by proving ownership and paying cost of this advertisement.



The First Night in Residence

G-dy-r, B.A. (making impromptu speech)—“ Mr. Chairman and gentlemen: I have chosen a subject with which I am very familiar—Co-education. I am an authority on it. In fact, I'm the guy that put the 'co' in co-education.”

Mr. C. W. Stanley, B.A. (lecturing to C. T. class)—“ Tennyson didn't know any more about politics than a lady's poodle knows about scrapping.”

Mrs. Sheffield (calling maid)—“ Agnes, are you upstairs?”

Maid—“ No, Mrs. Sheffield.”

Mrs. S.—“ Agnes, are you downstairs?”

Maid—“ No, Mrs. Sheffield.”

Mrs. S.—“ Well, Agnes, where are you?”

Agnes—“ On the stairs.”

The tennis courts are in such demand nowadays that a word to the freshmen in that connection might not be untimely. Listen, then, freshmen: If you wish to play tennis, and find a group of seniors using the courts, first request them courteously to withdraw. If they demur, do not become peeved, but ask them with gentle irony where they were brought up. In the past this method has never failed to bring results—try it and see.

Miss McIntosh, '16 (corresponding secretary of "Lit." about to answer a communication)—" Say, I want to know this fellow's first name if I have to write him."

Prof. Hake (meeting C. T. class for first time)—" Awfully jolly little crowd we have here, eh, what?"

The University Settlement Committee wishes us to make public acknowledgment of the following contributions, which were made through the purchase of Reserved Cosy Corners for the Y reception:

Fred Brown, '14	25c.
John Bishop, '14	25c.
W. N. Hanna, '17	25c.
H. S. Fiddes, C.T.	25c.
Ross Robertson, '17	25c.
C. L. White, '16	25c.
Rethings, '17	25c.
Edmonds, '17	25c.
H. L. Roberts (still due)	25c.

Further contributions will be announced later.

On Saturday evening, October 4th, Amesley Hall was favored with a visit and informal address from Miss Macnaughtan, author of *The Fortunes of Christina McNab*, *The Lane Dog's Diary*, and many other well-known and delightful tales of English and Scottish life.

All were captivated with Miss Macnaughtan's easy and gracious presence and charming personality. In the course of her remarks she touched upon the subject of the present unrest among the women of Great Britain, expressing her strong sympathy with the general movement while deprecating the extreme

position taken by the more militant advocates. Miss Macnaughtan spoke also, though lightly, of her travels in India and of her experiences in South Africa during the Boer war, closing her remarks with some felicitous references to school days in general and College friendships in particular.

After the singing of some good old Vic songs, the girls linked arms down either side the generous length of Annesley's main hall and ushered out their distinguished guest to the strains of "Auld Lang Syne."

Miss Macnaughtan, it is understood, is at present engaged upon a series of Canadian sketches, shortly to appear, in which "the brave women of pioneer days will not be forgotten." An extensive trip Westward this past summer, made in company with Sir William Mackenzie's party, was no doubt productive of material which will return to us after many—we hope not too many—days, in the form of entertaining literature. Miss Macnaughtan, who is by the way a cousin of Lord Rayleigh, the eminent Cambridge scientist, is an acute observer and clear thinker. It is a regret to many that wider opportunity to meet and hear her while she was in Toronto was not available, but at least the privilege accorded the inmates of Annesley Hall was enjoyed to the full.

TEMPORARY SALESMEN

AS usual, we will require a number of bright, gentlemanly fellows to assist us in selling during the rush of the holiday season. Application should be made at once, so that date of commencing work may be satisfactorily arranged.

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Who do not wear Fit-Reform Suits and Overcoats—Do you realize the perfection and the convenience of the Fit-Reform system of tailoring—that you can walk into this store, choose a suit or overcoat from dozens of different patterns, get the season's best in style and effect, be sure of absolutely perfect garments and have the suit or overcoat delivered at your home the same day? And this applies to Full Dress Suits, Frock and Morning Coats, as well as to the garments for every day wear.

G. HAWLEY WALKER LTD.

126-8 YONGE STREET

- - - TORONTO

Mention "Acta." Advertisers appreciate it.

While You Wait STRAW HATS, STETSON & PANAMA HATS
CLEANED, BLOCKED AND REPAIRED

BY ELECTRICITY

GENUINE PANAMAS BLOCKED TO ORDER
AT POPULAR PRICES

THE ELECTRIC SHOE SHINE PARLORS

CHRIS. JOHNSON

764 YONGE STREET, TORONTO

14 Years' Experience Down Town

Ladies' Private Shoe Shine Parlor

SPROATT & ROLPH

ARCHITECTS

36 North Street

TORONTO

T. BRAKE

Our Fall and Winter Boots
Now Ready

REPAIRING NEATLY DONE

562 Yonge Street

STUDENTS

At our branch store

772 YONGE STREET

WE SPECIALIZE IN



**GOOD FOOTWEAR
FOR STUDENTS**

Special Discount
for School Trade

**ROYAL SHOE CO.
LIMITED**

Mention "Acta." Advertisers appreciate it.

FOR EVERYTHING GOOD TO EAT IN

Select Groceries, Butter,
Eggs, Vegetables and
Table Delicacies

GO TO

T. J. MEDLAND, Limited

130-132 King St. E. - (Phone M. 7400) - Toronto, Ont.

CATERING TO CLUBS A SPECIALTY

OBTAIN GOOD HEALTH

BY GOOD LIVING : : :

Buy your Meat from
R. MEECH,
BUTCHER

730 Yonge Street

SPECIAL PRICES TO CLUBS

Phone North 185.

DAVID BELL

DEALER IN

Groceries, Provisions, Foreign and
 Domestic Fruits, etc.

702 and 704 Yonge Street

Phones North 3296 and 3297 Corner St. Mary

The Live Question of To-Day

**VACUUM
 CLEANERS**

Get in touch with the
 machine that will do
 your work thoroughly.

**THE SPENCER TURBINE
 VACUUM CLEANER**

No cleaning problem is
 too large for this ma-
 chine to tackle.

WRITE FOR CATALOGUE

**THE BENNETT & WRIGHT
 COMPANY, LIMITED**

72 Queen St. East, TORONTO

Mention "Acta." Advertisers appreciate it.

Student Clubs

If we are permitted to serve you, we will deliver to you:
Milk and Cream—That does not leave dirt sediment in the bottom of the utensil.

Milk and Cream—Pasteurized to remove the effects of possible contamination.

Milk and Cream—Milk, that contains all of its natural butter fat; Cream, that contains a specified amount of butter fat.

Milk and Cream—Free from coloring, preservatives, thickeners and other adulterants.

Milk and Cream—Handled in a sanitary manner, under hygienic conditions.

We can also serve you with:

Ice Cream

Buttermilk

Cream Cheese

Kephyr

City Dairy

The Quality Goes In Before The Name Goes On

☞ If all breads were as good breads as Canada Bread then no one could find a fault with any bread—but Canada Bread is the best bread baked—and that is why 20,000 Toronto families insist on

CANADA BREAD

PHONES: HILLCREST 760-761, JUNCTION 2340-2341
 MARK BREDIN, Manager

Mention "Acta." Advertisers appreciate it.

PAGE & COMPANY

...Contractors...

**Masonry, Brick Work, Cut Stone,
Etc.**

Following are some of the works executed by us :

St. Paul's Methodist Church

St. Paul's Anglican Church

Bloor Street Presbyterian Church

Central Methodist Church

Bank of Toronto (Yonge Street Branch)

General Trusts Offices

Annesley Hall

The Deaconess Home (Avenue Road)

Victoria College Library

Burwash Hall (Victoria Coll. Men's Residence)

University of Toronto Gymnasium Building

Bishop Strachan School

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED

Estimates Given

PAGE & COMPANY

TORONTO

Mention "Acta." Advertisers appreciate it.

SHOE REPAIRING

Properly Done at

Bridgman's Shoe Store

691 Yonge St.

(Just North of Charles Street)

WORK CALLED FOR AND DELIVERED

Phone North 4128



ALMA
College for Women

Located in the splendid interlake region of the most southerly part of Canada and in a city of 12,000 inhabitants.

Collegiate Course, Music, Fine Art, Elocution, Business and Domestic Science Departments, Finest Buildings, Extensive Grounds, Home Comforts, Strong Staff.

Term opens Sept. 12th.
For Calendar and Syllabus, address:
PRINCIPAL WARNER, M.A., D.D.
St Thomas - Canada

FARMER BROS.

LIMITED

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Our Framing and Art Department is replete with all the latest in Art Reproductions from the old masters : : : : :

Photographers

P
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C
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S

492 SPADINA AVE. : TORONTO

THE

Students' Drug Store

We have a well-assorted stock of all kinds of Perfumes, Toilet Articles, Creams, Lotions, Powders and Sundries of every description.

Willard's, Huyler's and other high-class Chocolates, Creams and Bon-Bons.

Careful dispensing of prescriptions our specialty. Special rates to students.

W. J. A. & H. CARNAHAN

Dispensing Chemists

Traders Bank Bldg.,

Cor. Church and Carlton

Cor. Bloor and Yonge,

Phone Main 2196

Phone North 341

" " 2197

" " 342

C.P.R. Telegraph Office at both Stores

Try our Floraline Cream.

P. FIGARY

The Students' Photographer

590 Yonge St.

Phone North 4933

TORONTO

PARK BROTHERS

PHOTOGRAPHERS

328½ YONGE ST.,

TORONTO

Telephone M. 1269

T. J. Leatherdale

352 Yonge Street

Specialist in

Portrait Photography

Special Prices to Students

Estimates furnished for
Class Groups

PHONE MAIN 3089

Mention "Acta." Advertisers appreciate it.

Tel. North 2824

6 BLOOR ST. EAST, TORONTO

W. M. PERCY

Optician



Shuron Eye Glasses Goggles Magnifiers
 Kryptok Invisible Bifocals Reading Glasses
 Opera Glasses Eye Shades Etc.
 Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pens, and Ink



LENSES GROUND ON THE PREMISES

Hunt'sCANDIES and
ICE CREAM

788 Yonge St. & 245 Avenue Rd.

MOTHER'S CANDY KITCHENChoice Bon-bons, Chocolates
Toffies, etc.

New Address

705 Yonge Street

A few doors above Charles St. Post Office

*Always go to*Phone N. 2492

CHAS. E. LEWIS

FLORIST

For Flowers of Best Quality - - Prices Right

848½ YONGE STREET*Mention "Acta." Advertisers appreciate it.*

W. R. TAIT HARDWARE

Let us supply you with your
SAFETY RAZOR

836 YONGE ST.

Phone N. 435.

HARCOURT'S COLLEGE GOWNS

The best made and most
extensively worn

\$5.00

and upwards.

103 King St. West, Toronto.

FINE TAILORED GARMENTS FOR YOUNG MEN



TAILORED BY

Lowndes

TORONTO

THE

LOWNDES COMPANY

LIMITED

142-144 West Front Street

OFFICIAL CALENDAR OF THE DEPARTMENT OF EDUCATION FOR THE YEAR 1913.

DECEMBER

1. Last day for appointment of School Auditors by Public and Separate School Trustees. (On or before 1st December).
Township Clerk to furnish to the School Inspector information of average assessment, etc., of each School Section. (On or before 1st December).
Legislative grant payable to Trustees of Rural Public and Separate Schools in Districts, second instalment. (On or before 1st December).
8. Model School Final Examination begins.
9. Returning officers named by resolution of Public School Board. (Before 2nd Wednesday in December).
Last day for Public and Separate School Trustees to fix places for nomination of Trustees. (Before 2nd Wednesday in December).
12. Model Schools close. [Model School Syllabus.]
13. Local assessment to be paid Separate School Trustees. (Not later than 14th Dec.).
15. County Council to pay \$500 to High School and Continuation School where Agricultural Department is established. (On or before 15th December).
Municipal Councils to pay Municipal Grants to High School Boards. (On or before 15th December).
19. Normal Schools (first term) close. [Normal School syllabus].
22. High Continuation, Public and Separate Schools close. (End 22nd December).
25. Christmas Day (Thursday).
New Schools, alterations of School boundaries and consolidated Schools go into operation or take effect. (Not to take effect before 25th December).
31. Annual meetings of supporters of Public and Separate Schools. (Last Wednesday in December).
High School Treasurers to receive all moneys collected for permanent improvements. (On or before 31st December).
Protestant Separate School Trustees to transmit to County Inspectors names and attendance during the last preceding six months. (On or before 31st December).
Auditors' Report of cities, towns and incorporated villages to be published by Trustees. (At end of year).
Financial statement, report of attendance, etc., from Teachers' Institutes. (Not later than 31st December).
Report on Inspectoral visits from Separate, County, and District Inspectors, due. (Not later than December 31st).

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Swiss Steam Laundry

105 Simcoe Street

Personal Laundry Work
Given Special Attention.

Repairing Done Free.

Phone Adelaide 954

THE FREELAND STUDIO

Highest Class of Work and most
Artistic Styles in Black and White
and Sepia Etchings.

Special Prices to Students

436 YONGE STREET

Opposite Carlton Street

PHONE M. 6887

W. C. AVERY DRUGGIST

YONGE AND ST. MARY

PROMPT DELIVERY SERVICE

PHONE US YOUR DRUG ORDERS. N. 1747

MASTEN, STARR, SPENCE & CAMERON

Barristers, Solicitors, Etc.

Canada Life Building,
Toronto

Solicitors for Bank of Nova Scotia

DR. FRED. N. BADGLEY DENTIST

110 Avenue Road
Opposite St. Paul's Church) TORONTO

PHONE HILLCREST 290

Browning, Archibald & French BARRISTERS, Etc.

Lumsden Building, Toronto

A. G. BROWNING, K.C. G. A. ARCHIBALD
C. G. FRENCH

Alfred W. Briggs, K.C. Harold R. Frost
Henry E. Grosch

BRIGGS & FROST
BARRISTERS, ETC.
TORONTO

Wesley Bldgs., 33 Richmond Street West

DR. S. L. FRAWLEY DENTIST

Graduate of Toronto and Philadelphia

21 Bloor St. West Phone N. 698

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T. A. FELSTEAD

5-Chair Barber Shop-5

Razors Honed Electric Face Massage
Head Rub

760 YONGE ST.

See Our
Fall Samples

North
3371

MACEY TAILOR

777 Yonge Street

One block north
of Bloor Street



BE KNOWN BY YOUR
SCHOOL PIN

Solid Gold. Real Pearls

\$2.25

Stock & Bickle
Limited

Enlarged Four Times 152-154 Yonge St.

STUDENTS TONSORIAL

- - - - PARLOR - - - -

First-class Workmanship Guaranteed. Shave
10 cts., Razors Honed 25 cts. Hair Cutting a
Specialty. Dandruff Cured or Money Refunded
Electric Vibrator and Hair Dryer

J. W. SCHWARTZ, Prop.
204 DAVENPORT RD

Just off Avenue Road car line.

M. RAWLINSON

Cartage Agent and Warehouseman

Offices: 612 YONGE ST., and N.W. Cor. York
and Station Streets.

Storage Warehouses: St. Joseph and Yonge Sts.

Improved Vans and Trucks for Removing Furni-
ture and Pianos, Storage for Furniture,
Baggage Transferred.

Phone, North 390

TORONTO

E. W. KNOTT

Painter and Decorator

PHONE NORTH 1282

41 CHARLES STREET WEST

The Imperial Press

153 VICTORIA STREET, TORONTO.

J. T. SHILTON, B.A., '09, Manager.

The Home of Fine Job Printing at Fair Prices

COLLEGE PRINTING IS OUR SPECIALTY

J. E. HORNING, B.A. (Vic.'09)

MARGARET I. HORNING

OSTEOPATHIC PHYSICIANS

X-Ray Diagnosis and Treatment
Electro-Therapeutics

80 Bloor Street West

Phone North 7138

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STOLLERY'S CORRECT EVENING DRESS CHART

OCCASION	COAT AND OVERCOAT	WAISTCOAT	TROUSERS	HAT	SHIRT AND CUFFS
EVENING WEDDING BALL RECEPTION FORMAL DINNER AND THEATRE	Swallowtail Cape Paletot or Chesterfield Overcoat	White Single Breasted of Piqué Linen or Silk	Same Material as Coat	High Silk with Broad Felt Band	Stiff Piqué or Linen White with Cuffs Attached
	COLLAR	CRAVAT	GLOVES	BOOTS	JEWELRY
	Poke or Small Square- Tabbed Wing	Small Tab Wing Poke or Lapfront	White Glacé with Self Backs or White Chevreau. White Chamouis for Theatre	Patent Leather Buttoned Cloth or Kid Tops Patent Leather Pumps	Pearl Links and Studs

Compiled by STOLLERY, Yonge and Bloor Streets

The Feel is in the Air
for Overcoats

THE early cool spells are really more trying on the constitution than later on when you expect the cold weather as a regular thing.

NOW IS THE TIME TO BUY AN OVERCOAT

Whether it be a medium weight or a good solid one for winter use, our immense range of patterns and fabrics makes it easy for you to select a coat, and our range of prices has been graded so that every man can buy one, even if his price be as low as \$7.50. College Boys will be pleased with our Nifty Models and we will allow you ten per cent. off all purchases if you just mention this advertisement.

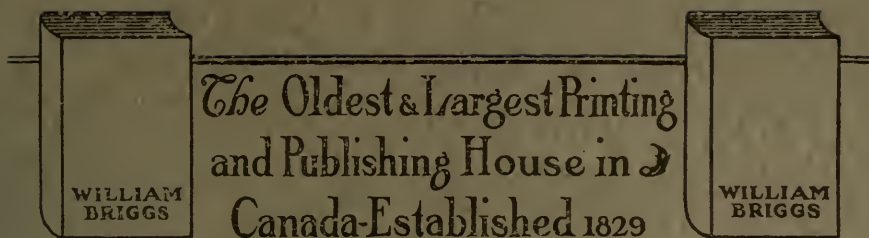
OAK HALL CLOTHIERS

Canada's Best All-Clothing Store

COR. YONGE & ADELAIDE STS.,

J. C. COOMBES, Mgr.

Mention "Acta." Advertisers appreciate it.



For Your Christmas Gifts

REMEMBER that there is nothing more suitable than BOOKS—that is, the right kind. They are easy to select, moderate in price, and lasting and graceful reminders of the giver.

Here are a couple of suggestions from our latest list :

THE STORY OF WAITSTILL BAXTER

By Kate Douglas Wiggin. Another of Mrs. Wiggin's "homely" books which at the same time touches the heart-strings and provides thoroughly interesting reading.

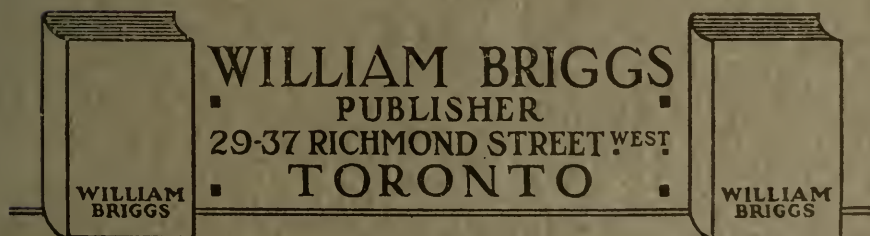
\$1.25

THE CHIEF OF THE RANGES

By H. A. Cody. Those who like stirring stories of Canadian life will appreciate this popular author's latest. This one is built around the early history of the Chilkat Indians in the Klondike region, and as well as stirring situations includes a remarkably interesting love story.

\$1.25

Our New Catalogue of Christmas Books just issued will help you. A post card will bring it.



Rugby, Football, Gymnasium and Tennis Supplies



Rugby Suits	-	\$2.50 to \$3.50
" Padded Jerseys		4.00 to 6.00
" Boots	-	2.50 to 5.00
Sweaters, each	-	2.00
Sweater Coats	-	4.00 to 6.00
Tennis Rackets		2.00 to 8.00
" Balls	-	.25 to .50
Hand Balls, each	-	.50
Gymnasium Shoes		.75 to 1.50
" Jerseys		.50 to 1.00
" Knickers		.50 to .75



J. BROTHERTON

Phone N. 2092

550 YONGE STREET